

The parents in this family although no doubt of interest, appear rather colorless in contrast with the children. There appears to be a strong inferiority complex motivation working in the minds of these children which forces them to extreme positions on the subjects in which they are interested. The family occupy a ramshackle building among mostly Chinese immediate neighbors. The large number of children has made it necessary for the parents to seek charity relief in the past to support them. Although none of the children have attended the University, they have for the most part (those of sufficient age) attended high-school. The combination of poor dwelling, rather lowly calling of the parents, and receipt of charity, together with education and natural mental and character strength perhaps accounts for the combative "scrappy" mental attitude of the children.

One daughter, now about 25 years old, has ambitions to be an opera singer. She already has something of a reputation as a coloratura soprano, although she has secured little professional training. She appears at intervals in concerts and musicales given by various non-Japanese groups. This young lady is strongly feminist. As in many of this type, perhaps a previous disappointment in love accounts for the declared bitterness against the prerogatives of the male sex. She seems

to be strongly sexed and according to common report and her own statements has been involved in some slightly unpleasant sex episodes. However she appears to be unable to "land her man". Frustration is evident in every conversation with her. Apparently unable to arrange a marriage with one of her own race, she next turned her attention to a man half-Japanese, half American. Unfortunately he was married, and the return of his wife from another city put a stop to the relationship. The next step in her Odyssey was to turn her thoughts to marriage with an occidental. Both Europeans and Americans have figured in her thoughts in this connection. Nothing has developed, and she is now seeking sublimation by taking up the study of Italian with the idea of furthering her career as an opera singer.

One of her brothers exhibits his frustration by writing letters to the newspapers on the relations between Japan and America, suggesting various remedies for existing ill-feeling. He also engages in various movements: clubs, giving talks, writing articles for Japanese church and club papers, apparently with the feeling that he must attract attention to himself to obtain relief from the complexes under which he suffers. His latest brain-child is the idea that the Japanese language should be taught in all American schools in order to do away with the present ill feeling and lack of under-

standing between the peoples of America and Japan. If Americans could read Japanese newspapers and magazines, according to his idea, they would immediately see that the Japanese are really a very lovable and praiseworthy people and would cease to persecute them.

Another daughter bristles at the idea of parental control. Young girls of high school age, in her opinion, should be free as wind to go and come as they please. Parents should not feel undue worry when their flapper daughters find pleasure in the companionship of enlisted members of the United States Navy or Coast Guard. If she favours the blandishments of a Filipino cook or a Norwegian salmon fisherman, the parents should be glad to clear out of the parlour and leave a free field for these activities.

The older children I have not met and the younger ones are yet so immature that they exhibit little of interest.

The daughter with singing ambitions is very interested in the position of woman in Japan and questioned me extensively on this subject. She was also eager to question me on my ideas on inter-racial marriage, saying that she had thought of such a marriage and asking me to speak absolutely frankly on the subject. When I attempted to put the discussion on a scientific basis by separating the various factors involved, such as race per se, mentality, education, social background, relative sex-

uality, economic pressure, what is commonly called "success", etc. she evidently was not sufficiently of the scientific turn of mind to appreciate my points and imagined I was not being "frank" with her because I was not willing to state flatfootedly that I was for or against inter-racial marriage.

This girl also exhibits the tendency, mentioned in some previous sketches, of pretending an ignorance of other members of the Japanese community, Japanese words, customs and business establishments, although no doubt it is only a pose. The extreme desire to be an American and be accepted as such by Americans leads them into this unhappy absurdity.

A few days ago the subject of this sketch rang my doorbell. Opening the door, I was surprised and pleased to see an attractive young Japanese woman of the real California-born, second generation type, quite tall, I should say about five feet five or six inches, tasteful tailored costume, knit beret, sports shoes, suntan powder liberally applied, liberal lip stick, no rouge, well formed nose, slightly diffident or reserved manner.

I discovered that she was born in California, educated here and graduated from high school a few years ago. She had followed the regular course of falling to domestic service work in lack of anything more suitable. She confided to me, however, that her work as a servant was a very happy time for her. Apparently she was treated with consideration and some affection by her American employers. It also gave her an opportunity to get an insight into real American life, a thing no doubt rather a mystery to many young Japanese people whose parents are of low social status and who thereby fail to gain much friendship from their American school mates. She gained some understanding of the true relationship of the American husband and wife. The Japanese usually tend to greatly exaggerated the supposed dominance of the American wife. She gained a knowledge of American cooking, etiquette, table ser-

vice, daily home comforts, and all the other attractions that give the English language the word "home" while the Japanese content themselves with "house" for one's own home, or "residence" for the home of another person.

After some time spent in this work, her parents became worried over her failure to contract a marriage, for already she was slightly over the usual marriageable age for a Japanese girl. There seemed to be no prospect of a husband in America as the girl was of the emancipated, independent type which so signally fails to attract the young Japanese male, so the parents took the girl on a trip to their ancestral village in Japan. However the trip failed of its object; the girl apparently raised "particular hell" with the village customs and guardians of the ancient morals.

After the return, she was able to obtain employment with a Japanese paper. Just what her capacity was I was not able to ascertain, but judging from appearances and her remarks, it must have been rather menial; perhaps she addressed wrappers or was a mailing clerk. Some labor difficulty in the plant resulted in a strike of the staff who walked out in a body. As the trouble was not settled after some time, the strikers took the way out of starting their own opposition paper which still continues in publication. Although its finances are not entirely satisfactory, the cream of the staff of the other paper

compose the staff of this new one, and it compares very favorably in reader's interest with its competitor. The young lady was reticent about her actual daily duties, but it is probable that she still continues her routine duties with perhaps a probationary job as news-gatherer.

Seemingly she feels the position of the second generation Japanese very keenly and looks forward rather hopelessly to her future life which is doomed to frustration and discontent, whether she lives in America or in Japan. The only ray of light or hope would be a flight to a place like Paris where color lines are not drawn and color often lends enchantment.

Here is the story of J.H., Japanese youth, who wanted to become a college professor but didn't. Sudden shifts of fortune, bouncing him about with more than usual energy, made a bull's eye every time he got in the way.

I met J. in a Japanese book store of which he is a junior partner. He is a straight-from-the-shoulder young man of about 29 years, born on a California farm and there raised and schooled as any American boy. He had reached the age of ten when his parents, with a yearning for their native land, sold the small ranch and took him and a younger brother to Japan. The family established itself in Tokio where the father bought an interest in a vegetable market. The boys re-entered school and J. studied long and earnestly with the thought of becoming a professor of social and economic science.

Nothing unusual in this until September 1923 when the fates let loose with all their fury in the Tokio earthquake. J., standing as a spectator at a ball game, saw numbers of his class mates destroyed when the grandstand collapsed. Choked with horror, he helped pull some of them from the wreckage and then made way through broken streets and wild panic to his home. There his people, unhurt, were huddled in the street beside a crumpled little form which J. recognized as his brother. With their house in flames, the three climbed a nearby

hillside. J. carried his brother in his arms, and on the following day collected wood to build a pyre on which to cremate the body. He knelt in prayer while his father lighted the fire underneath.

Today there is a rebuilt Tokio and the parents continue to live there in a modest way. But at the time J., then 19, saw only destruction about him. His school wrecked and classes scattered, he remembered the sunny fields of San Joaquin County and longed to return. Then his wheel of fortune spun, dropping him in the path of a Japanese visitor from Seattle who offered him a job in an art store of that city. J. obtained passage money from his father and set out with the new made friend for Seattle.

They arrived in America and found that the friend's associate in charge of the art shop had proven unreliable and departed, leaving the business in bankruptcy. Disappointed but not discouraged, J. took a stage for San Francisco and en-route there met a Japanese maiden. Romance burst forth like the cherry blossoms in Japan. Shortly after reaching San Francisco J.'s wheel of fortune whirled again, landing him in the book shop where he has attained a partnership during the past five years. As to the Japanese maiden you may meet her, for she is a clerk in her husband's store. Smilingly she told me they were married the day J. got his job.

Some of us live smoothly enough from one year to another and nothing much happens. Always we are a little ahead or a short ways behind any unusual event. But whenever fate spins a ball for J. it sinks on his number.

I told J. I never had seen a Japanese rabbit's foot and congratulated him on getting the breaks. "Maybe this is the reasons," he replied, taking from his pocket something which at first looked like a wad of gum. It was a small stone image of one of the seven Japanese deities of good fortune.

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Several years after her birth, her parents, both of whom were natives of Japan, decided to move to the mainland, so they came to California and took up their residence in Sonoma County. That was long before the passing of the alien land laws and the immigration acts discriminating against Oriental races, and there was no especially adverse feeling regarding Japanese settlers. For that matter, there has never been any marked ill feeling toward the Japanese in that section of the state, nor is there at the present.

There was a considerable demand for Japanese laborers at that time. Large acreages were planted with hops, for it was in the days before Prohibition. The work of grubbing and training the hop vines was such that Americans had neither the

desire nor the inclination to do it themselves -- hence their employment of Japanese. This, of course, was seasonal employment, but the Japanese families managed to get work in the tomatoes and fruit farms during the late summer and fall, and they usually spent the winter clearing brush land or chopping wood for their American neighbors. It was customary for a Japanese man to take a contract to grub and train a certain acreage of hops or to chop and cord a given amount of wood. He would then hire other of his countrymen to help him do the work, being sure to keep their wages low enough to realize a profit for himself on the job.

Cecile's father became one of these contractors, and not infrequently he would have as many as eight or ten Japanese men working under his supervision. His wife, incidentally, was expected to put in a full day's work on the job in addition to cooking for the hired men and her family. As a result of this arduous program she had at least three still-born babies. Another died when two days old, and a fifth is mentally and physically defective, but these circumstances did not prevent her from continuing to work just as hard as ever.

Cecile's father was jolly, industrious and frugal, but he had one besetting sin--he loved to gamble. On one occasion this weakness was almost his undoing. He and his men

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True to the Oriental tradition which values one son more than innumerable daughters, Cecile's father had a passionate desire for a man child. But the second child was another daughter who was duly named Yore. Later a third daughter was born, but she did not survive beyond the second day of her life.

The burial of the deceased baby was carried out according to Oriental custom. A box was made from rough redwood boards and served as a coffin in which the tiny body was carried from the house up to a wooded hill slope. There, beneath two tall fir trees the grave was dug. When all was in readiness the coffin was placed in the grave, dry kindling sticks were placed upon it, and the whole pyre was soaked with kerosene and ignited. The man of the family and household stood round about until the cremation was completed. Then the grave was filled in and a blue and white china cup and saucer, which had been a gift to the baby, were broken and the fragments scattered upon the grave.

Several years later the coveted and long desired son was born. Heretofore, Mr. S..., Cecile's father, who claimed to possess a knowledge of Oriental medicine, had attended his wife during child birth, but upon this and other subsequent occasions the services of an American doctor were procured for her. Great rejoicing was manifested over the advent of the son, and when he was a few days old his father summoned his friends, American and Japanese alike, to a sort of Christening feast in honor of the new heir. For this purpose, he secured the use of the huge old hop barn on the ranch where he lived, for his dwelling was far too small to accumulate all of his bidden guests.

The services of Japanese cooks, caterers and musicians from San Francisco were secured for the occasion, and the long tables, beautifully appointed, were laden with all manner of choice Japanese dishes. The feasting continued during the afternoon and evening, while the musicians labored diligently upon their instruments for the entertainment of the guests. All who accepted the hospitality of the family were permitted to pay their respects to the baby --looking for all the world like a plump, inscrutable little brown Buddha, done up in swaddling clothes-- and to his proud but weary mother.

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He seems to be a good example of the fully Americanized second generation Japanese. His English was extremely colloquial and typical of the average American high-school boy. His Japanese, which I overheard him speak with Japanese patrons and also in answer to my questions when I addressed him in Japanese seemed decidedly rudimentary. For example, he was even forced to ask an elderly Japanese patron the Japanese word for "sake cup", which one would expect to be most familiar to a waiter in a Japanese restaurant. His knowledge of Japanese geography was also very sketchy, and both he and his sister were unable to tell from what part of Japan their parents came although they knew the name of the town. They were even unable to say on which island of the Japanese group it was located. This is quite typical of many of the American-born Japanese, an utter inability to explain lucidly the geographical position of their parents' birth-place.

This young man graduated from high school but is prevented from attending the university by lack of funds. The restaurant is just breaking even, according to his account. He is working in his spare time in a fruit and vegetable market, where he says he can make about \$3.00 per day. He has just returned from a celery ranch in the Delta region where he was making about \$2.00 a day. He states that the Japanese

workers at this place make from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, and a charge of fifty cents a day is deducted from this by their employer for board and bunk in the barrack occupied by the laborers. He gave quite a detailed account of the planting, transplanting, raising and harvesting of the celery. He also described the financial set-up of the leases, marketing, relations between Japanese workers, Japanese bosses, Japanese lessees and American landowners.

When the conversation veered onto the subject of higher education for the second generation Japanese, and the subsequent inability to find suitable employment, he laughed and said, "Aw, all they go to the university for is to show off. After they go to the university they don't want to talk to the rest of us, they think they are too high class for us. Their parents like to brag that 'my son (or daughter) has gone to the university'. Why, I was working out in East Oakland in a nursery, and there was an engineering graduate working out there with me. They don't care what they study at U.C. They don't care whether they learn anything or not. All they want is just to act smart and think they are better than the rest of us."

Getting onto the subject of American-raised Japanese returning to Japan to seek employment, he pointed out a young Japanese man who was at the moment eating his lunch in the

restaurant and remarked that the brother of this young man had graduated from the University of California, had gone to Japan, and was now working in Yokohama as a baggage inspector in the Japanese Imperial Customs there. His knowledge of English and American ways had made him valuable in this position, one in which Occidental travellers are apt to store up permanent grudges against the Japanese from their unpleasant experiences with Japanese customs inspectors who cannot understand well either the language nor temperament of the "hairy barbarians" whose B. V. D.'s are being pawed over or whose "Lucky Strikes" are being confiscated.

While on the bus from Alameda to Oakland I had noticed a rather handsome young Japanese who alighted from the bus near the Oakland Japanese quarter. Later while on my way to this restaurant I had spotted this same young man standing on the curb in front of a barber college and wearing the white barber's apron. I asked the young restaurant man whether he knew this young man, and when he said he did, I said it seemed strange to me for a Japanese to be attending an American barber college. Why did he not learn the trade in a Japanese barber shop? He replied that the state law required attendance at an American barber college to obtain a licence to engage in this trade. He added, amusedly, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had heard that on occasions when the barber college boss was

out, this young student was wont to give free hair-cuts to friends who dropped in. Just what phase of Americanization or adjustment to the occidental scene this represents I cannot say.

This young lady presents a good example of second generation Japanese, with, however, some variations from the usual California type. I should judge offhand that she is somewhat under the California second generation average of height, more typical of stature commonly seen in Japan proper. Her manner is more subdued, less of the flapper crudity prevalent among the young California-born Japanese girls. With this, however, goes an extremely genial disposition with a tendency to giggling. This shy laughter is the usual thing encountered in Japan, but here in California a more boisterous demeanor prevails.

Her accent in speaking English carries a certain foreign-sounding air which I was somewhat puzzled to place, at first thinking it British, then somewhat like the brand of English spoken by the young California Chinese. When I mentioned the matter to this girl, she told me that in Hawaii no one ever mentioned her accent, but here in California it was commonly commented upon by her Japanese friends. It may arise from the fact that in Hawaii she was accustomed to associate freely with young people of many races: Chinese, Korean, Portuguese, Porto Rican, Kanaka and others, and no doubt unconsciously assimilated the various un-English tones and inflections to be noticed among these polyglot youngsters in Hawaii.

getting of brides from Japan in Hawaii, that the parents arranged marriages locally for their children and the children usually abided by the decision. Whether this is due to a difference in the male attitude in Hawaii, or a more lovable disposition in the girls, or more pressure from the traditional customs is a question.

It is noticeable that in Hawaii the Japanese adhere more closely to Japanese customs, dress, general demeanor, type of dwelling and interior decoration than they do in California. In the Japanese neighborhoods and plantations in Hawaii, the women commonly flap around the streets in kimono and sandals with hair dressed in Japanese style, a thing almost unseen in California except at times in the Delta region.

The lack of knowledge of things Japanese was amusingly demonstrated by this girl in her stating that she was a follower of Shinto. When I countered with the remark that it was unusual for a Japanese to say they were simply Shinto, that they usually followed both religions without feeling of distinction, one as a moral system, the other as merely a sect of Buddhism. At this statement an older Japanese woman who was standing nearby laughed and told the girl that Shinto and Buddhism were entirely different. "Well," said the girl, "That's funny. I've been telling people all my life that Shinto was just a part of Buddhism." Although this girl at-

Here in California the Japanese children stick more or less closely to themselves except in the school-yard, and here the brand of English, even of children of immigrants from other countries, varies less from the American norm than does that in Hawaii.

This girl was very emphatic in describing the utter freedom from racial prejudice of the young people of all races in Hawaii. She confirmed the fact that there is an ever increasing intermarriage between young people of the Japanese race with children of other racial stocks found in Hawaii. Formerly although most of the other races intermarried freely, the Japanese were more or less excepted from this procedure. In this connection, this girl stated that there was still more family control of marriages of Japanese children in Hawaii than in California. The Japanese young people here are more prone to dispute the authority of the parents than in Hawaii. Here the children treat the parents with true American contempt, while in Hawaii they adhere still to the Japanese ideal of respect to parents. On the other hand, she said that there was less tendency on the part of the Japanese young men in Hawaii to look askance at the second generation Japanese girl when seeking a bride. In California there exists a dislike for the emancipated type of girl and a desire to secure a docile bride from Japan. This young lady said there was little

tended Japanese school every day from three till five in the evening after the American public school session, she has a very sketchy knowledge of the Japanese characters as I found by testing her with some printed on a bill-fold. She also gave a translation of her own name which I have been unable to check in my dictionary.

Although the parents come from one of the districts in Japan having a true dialect, she seemed unaware of the fact, and it required the assistance of the by-standing older Japanese woman before mentioned, to establish the fact that this district really spoke this dialect. I said to the girl "What were you doing when you went to Japanese school every day that you know so little about your own people and country. Were you just playing around?" She grinned and said "Yes". She said that after going to American school all day the Japanese children were too tired and moreover not much in the mood for entering into a different life and civilization. They feel too much that they are just as much American as anybody else and they resent a training that emphasizes in their minds that they are not as other Americans.

I brought up the question of the relations between the Koreans and Japanese in Hawaii. Although she had previously stated that there was practically no racial feeling between the Chinese and Japanese in Hawaii, yet in answer to this ques-

tion she said that there was "resentment" by the older Koreans against the Japanese. However, this did not extend to the younger people who associated freely together. She mentioned to me and told me tales of various Koreans she had as friends in Hawaii. One of these even went so far as to go to Tokyo to Waseda University for schooling. I raised the point that most of the older Koreans in Hawaii emigrated from Korea and came to Hawaii prior to the Japanese occupation of Korea and that I should imagine this fact would tend to make their degree of anti-Japanese bitterness less than that of Koreans who had passed through the Japanese "treat-'em-rough" policy of colonization. But here only come-back was to repeat that there was great "resentment" by these elder Koreans against the Japanese.

More than ten years ago, a Japanese family in the town of Suisun, California moved out of the state after losing a tremendous amount of money in farming and went to Ithaca, New York, to try their luck. The G. family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. G. and their daughter K., and son, I.

They failed again in their farming adventure there, but today little K. has grown up and has become one of the distinguished poets in New York's literary circles. And her pioneer father, well educated in Japan, has forsaken agriculture and is now a writer and translator.

The many friends of K. in the Bay Region consider her rise in literary circles not surprising. On the contrary, the event was anticipated. K. was an extremely artistic girl, good in painting, piano and everything. K. married, now is Mrs. B.T. in private life. She published a volume of verse, "To One Who Mourns at the Death of the Emperor" which has attracted the attention of New York critics.

K. attended the University of California from 1922 to 1924. Ethel Bogardus, writing in the San Francisco News recently, said: "Another U.C. girl has made good in the big city..." Miss Bogardus continued: "The pair, (K.G. and B.T., a well known artist), met at Cornell University where the Japanese girl was majoring in English literature."

"K. was born in Hawaii and lived for six years of her life in Japan. Her first interest in writing came from translation of old Japanese fairy tales."

T.'s father is now president of the Meiji Gakuen (school) in Tokyo. He majored in philosophy, but now paints for a living. But above their devotion to their arts is their pride in their 22 months old daughter. The T.s are a thoroughly Americanized family and live happily in Columbia Heights--the Greenwich Village of Brooklyn. In addition to her writing, Mrs. T. is an assistant supervisor in a Brooklyn home relief station, where she began as an investigator only a year ago.

Both Mr. and Mrs. T. look forward to visiting Japan, but for the sake of their daughter they plan to make their permanent home in this country.

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I am an American and was born in Kobe, Japan. My parents were missionaries and father taught in one of the mission schools there.

My object in writing this autobiography of myself is to give you the experiences and kind of life I lived in Japan.

My first year was mostly spent on our servants' backs; for all small children were strapped to their backs so their hands were free to work with, that is the servants' hands. In fact in Japan all mothers tied their babies on their backs and although an American I was no exception.

The result was that being so much with my nurse, I soon learned Japanese; in fact, I think I learned to speak in Japanese first.

All foreigners had servants such as cooks, maids and nurses for servants were very cheap to hire.

Now, the school I attended was located about two and a half miles out in the country from the city of Kobe. There were no other American children, except my brother, on the campus, so when I was old enough, I naturally played with Japanese boys; and I know you would like to know just what kind of games and what pranks we played.

One game which was very fascinating to us was a game of

tops, called Bai, which in Japanese means shell. Our first tops were made of shell with colored wax put on in pretty designs. The more expensive ones were made of copper molded in the shape of a shell.

First, you had to have a box, and over the top you put a very fine weave of matting wet so it could be pressed in and sloped to the middle. Then the two contestants would spin their tops on the matting and when the tops came together they would bounce back away from each other. The top that was bounced off the box lost and the winner took the losing top.

I was very good at this game and won over two hundred and sixty tops of all kinds. I used to take the wax out and put lead in and then place the wax back; this made my top heavier and I always won.

We used also to play marbles, but not as they do here. You threw the marble and then the other fellow would try to hit it or come close enough to span the distance with his hand; if he could, he won the marble.

One of the favorite games of the boys was to play war. This was done by taking bamboo sticks and making them look like swords. Then if you got hit on the head, you were supposed to be killed. Once I had one run into my lip in the excitement, for the war game became too realistic.

In Japan they have a bird called "meguro" or the bonin white eyed warbler. These birds are wonderful singers and I have seen some valued at a thousand dollars.

It was great sport to catch them, and this is how we did it. We took bird lime and spread it on sticks about two feet long and then put a meguro in a cage as a decoy and went into the mountains. We hung the cage in a tree, and then stuck out the sticks of bird lime out from the cage; then hid and waited for the decoy to call other birds to his cage. The birds would come and light in the tree and then jump down onto the sticks with bird lime on them. As soon as they did this, their feet would become fast to the bird lime and they would hang head down, caught by their feet. Then we would rush out and take them off and put them in a cage covered all over with (to make it dark) and would leave them in there for two or three days until they became tamed. Then we put them into an open cage where they remained and sang.

Sometimes after catching all the birds we needed we would look for monkeys, for the hills were full of these red faced monkeys, but we could never catch them. We had great fun throwing rocks at them, however. I have seen these monkeys get mad at us and throw twigs and anything they could get their hands on at us.

Boys over the world are pretty much alike, and do mis-

chievous things, but in Japan we play differently from the way you do here in America. The games were different; so were our companions. It is amazing how Japan has progressed in the past thirty-six years. Thirty-six years ago an American was a curiosity and no matter where he went he was sure to have a large audience to follow and see what he did.

I can remember one case where two American missionaries sailed down the inland sea on a small steamer. It was very rough and these missionaries came up on deck for some air. It happened that one of the missionaries had red hair and he was quite a curiosity. All the Japanese passengers crowded around to watch him. Now this red headed missionary had eaten some strawberries before sailing and the rough voyage caused him to get seasick. When he became seasick the Japanese all said, "My these foreigners are strange people; they are red both inside and out." Today unless you go into the interior, you are not a curiosity.

The school where I lived had a high fence around the place and a road along side of it led to the hills. On the other side was thick brush which was impossible to penetrate. The small boys from the village would go to the hills to play and they had to pass over this road. When they did we would have great fun by lying in wait for their return. I would hide above the road and my brother and some Japanese boys

would hide down the road a way, and when the village boys would come laughing and playing on their way home and they would pass me, I would jump out and yell and my brother and his companions would jump out and block them from going by. You never saw so much wailing and screaming that went on. We never harmed them but just the sight of white boys was enough to scare them most to death. Usually when they got home they would tell their parents what the white devils had done and my father had a delegation of village fathers call on him and ask if he could not keep his sons from frightening their sons to death. This meant we would get a good tanning. I merely mention this story to show how strange white boys were in those days to the Japanese.

Other games were to fly kites, sail boats and go swimming. There were many ponds and the ocean was only a mile away, so during the summer we were in the water most of the time.

In Japan there are there are tree frogs which change color to semble the background, and we used to catch them and put them in the bath tub to swim. Now, Japanese bath tubs were different from ours in that they are made of wood, and when we would leave the frogs in the tub and go out to play they would crawl up the sides and go all over the bath room.

When I was a boy there were no schools for American boys, so I had to study at home and also have tutors. The Japanese boys all went to school nearby.

My father and mother used to have twelve to fifteen of the college boys up to dinner once in a while, and it was great fun to watch them try and use the knives and forks. It was just as different for them as it is for us to use chop sticks. They would wait until we started to eat and then try to do as we did.

Another thing that is vastly different in Japan today is singing and music. My mother used to teach the boys to sing and play and to hear them sing you would think there was no hope, but now they have some very fine opera singers in Japan.

In Japan there are many way-side shrines and temples. In the shrines around Kobe there were mainly two idols of foxes, for foxes and badgers were sacred. Japanese people thought that these two animals could change themselves into human beings or else change people into foxes, for the hills near us were overrun with foxes.

There were also many wild dogs that lived in the hills. These dogs had their young in holes which the foxes had abandoned. These wild dogs used to come down to our house at night and our dog used to fight with them.

The country all around our school was made up of small farms that reached to the hills. None of the farms were large, they were more like our truck farms here in California. The odor around these farms was terrible, for each one had a large pit filled with human manure and they used to fertilize the fields with it. They mostly raised strawberries and a kind of a Japanese radish, larger than a turnip, called "daikon" which they used to pickle in brine and the odor was very obnoxious. Some wheat was raised and old time methods were used to separate the grain, that is by flaying. They also had mills near streams and all of them were operated by water wheels.

There is a great deal of poverty in Japan and you cannot help noticing it around you. There are many beggars, and if you go out into the country you always have a large following asking for alms.

No one earned much money at work and those who could find work barely existed. Wages were very low and the country so small, with such a large population, that poverty prevailed.

Now today, Japan is in much better shape for there are many factories to employ the people; but thirty or forty years ago the people had quite a struggle for existence. When you consider the short period of years that Japan has been open to

the world, the strides she has made to compete with the world are remarkable.

When I was a boy, rice and fish was the main diet of the people, although gradually meat became popular in Japan. Most Japanese food has to be simple and inexpensive, for there are so many people earning just enough to live on.

The Japanese houses are not very warm in the winter for each room is divided off with sliding with thin paper pasted over them. They do not have floors, but straw mats about three inches thick and you have to take off your shoes when you enter a Japanese house.

In Japan they have night watchmen who go around every hour and as they walk around they clap two blocks of wood together at regular intervals which makes a ringing noise. This is a great method for the thieves, for they can hear the night watchman coming and hide. I often thought the watchman announced his coming so that he would not meet with the thief.

Now, as a boy we had many good times, for there were so many festivals, such doll day, New Year's and kite days, a boys' day and a fish day, when huge paper fish were hung on poles and were filled out with the wind. New Year's is the great event of the year, and everybody goes calling on everyone else. There are five days of celebration: men's calling

day, ladies' calling day and servants' calling day, etc. At this time rice cakes are made and each neighborhood would make the rice cakes.

The way rice cakes are made is very interesting. First, the rice is boiled and then put in a large stone bowl; then one or two men with large wooden mallets, like sledges, start to pound the cooked rice. One man turns the rice and with a song the pounding continues. The more the rice is pounded, the more like dough it becomes. When finished, it is rolled in thin slabs and is ready to be eaten.

Although New Year's is a happy time there is some sadness to it for the Japanese believe that all debts should be paid up on New Year's and those who cannot meet their debts often commit suicide.

On more than one occasion I have gotten up on New Year's day and looked out and seen men hanging from trees. These who hang themselves put on their best clothes and then hang themselves. Others resort to jumping under trains. There is hardly any country in the world where there are more suicides.

In Japan children are very desirable, but boys are wanted more than girls. Girls are sold into prostitution when they are old enough and there are many cases of girls being kidnapped to be sold. The government, however, has become very diligent in the prosecution of such cases, so that today there

is very little kidnapping of girls.

Most houses of immoral purposes are run by the government, and are in districts by themselves. The Yoshiwara in Tokyo is a small city in itself and has about ten thousand prostitutes. All the houses are inclosed by a fence and there is one gate to enter this city of evil.

The houses are all open and have wooden bars in front, and the girls sit in a row for the men to look at. If any of the men see any girl he likes he goes in and tells the landlord which girl he wants. In recent years these girls do not sit in view, but the prospective customer goes in and chooses his girl from a photograph.

Most of the girls are sold into these institutions and must work until they have made enough to pay back what they were sold for; but they seldom get out for they are charged for their clothes and different items so that they are unable to pay it back. About the only way they do get out is to be bought out by some man who wants a wife. It seems strange, but prostitutes are desirable wives and nothing is thought about having one for a wife.

During the Russo-Japanese War, many Russians (soldiers) were captured and were taken to a temple and quartered there. I will always remember them for there were some cossacks and they were remarkable riders. Until the Russo-Japanese War,

the Japanese Army horses were very small, but they captured many Russian horses which were much larger so today the Japanese cavalry is made up of large horses.

Now to go back to my earlier years. We lived two and a half miles from the city and my brother and myself had to go to the city for violin lessons. The mode of travel was by jinricksha. These men could run all day long pulling the jinricksha, but the strange thing is that they cannot run very far without the jinricksha. The reason is that with a load the balance holds them slightly in the air and they can run with ease, but without the jinricksha it is an effort for them to run.

These men do not live very long, only from fifteen to twenty years. The strain is too great and they develop tuberculosis or heart trouble. They must be out rain or shine and on wet days their feet are wet all day long. During dry days their foot gear is heavy cloth socks with leather soles. Their socks differ from ours in having a place for the big toe. On wet days they wear straw sandals. These are tied on and the slit in the sock allows the front of the sandal to slip in between the big toe and the other toes, thus being held in place. These men develop wonderful leg muscles; in fact, you very seldom see a Japanese who has not good leg development. The reason for this is that they walk a great

deal.

All of these jinricksha men have the names of the company they work for on their coolie coats. Those who work for private families have the family crest on their coats. Those who work for themselves have just a plain coat.

In regard to crests, every Japanese has a family crest and on their best clothes these crests are displayed and are worn only on special occasions. Those of the better class wear them daily.

Since the automobile has come to Japan there are not so many jinrickshas which is just as well, for these poor fellows lived lives no better than that of a horse.

We used to go down to the bay which was about a mile from our house and watch the fishermen. Two sampans, or boats, would row out into the bay and drop the net and then return. About twenty men would start hauling the net in. There were two ropes and about ten men would pull on each rope. As they pulled they would sing different fishing songs. At last the cone shaped net would appear and they would land their catch. Most of the fish were sold right on the spot, but what was left would be taken to the market.

They have finesschools in Japan and most of the schools require their pupils to wear either black or dark blue uniforms with military caps to match. It is not difficult to

tell just what school each boy is from, for the name of his school is on his cap in brass characters. These boys also go through a military training in school.

A week or so ago on getting on a bus I scanned the passengers before taking my seat, as is my usual custom, with the idea of sitting beside any Oriental passengers, should the adjoining seat be vacant. I have found this a good way to establish contacts without the necessity of "busting in" on prospects at their homes, a procedure that invariably frightens them and closes the flow of information. After the contact is made and confidence established, it can be followed up with a call at the home.

On this occasion I noted a young man whom I could not at once identify as to whether he was Japanese or Chinese. I took the vacant seat beside him and gave him as close a scrutiny as was possible without becoming conspicuous. I was puzzled by his type: his body was stocky and of the Japanese peasant type. On the other hand, his profile was so primitive with rudimentary nose and receding forehead that I wondered if he were Korean. Again his color, instead of the reddish brown of the Japanese, verged on the Chinese yellow. Casting about for an excuse to open the conversation, I noted that he was reading a book dealing, apparently, with the New Deal. Awaiting a favorable opportunity when the bus was stopped, I asked him if he would allow me to make a note of the name of the book. I did this also because I had wanted

to identify his race by seeing the name on a postcard in the book apparently addressed to him. Also to start the establishment of confidence I took from my pocket the card of a Japanese Buddhist priest I had interviewed, the card being printed in Japanese-Chinese characters. I wrote the name of the book, (Charles Beard's THE FUTURE COMES) on this card, taking care to let the young man see the card as I did so. I then riffled through the book, catching a glimpse of the post card and noted that the name was a Japanese one. I then addressed him in Japanese, saying: "I suppose you are Japanese. I was afraid to address you in Japanese until I saw your name for if you had been Chinese you would have been offended." This was not exactly a tactful remark, but he took it in good part and smiled and replied in Japanese noncommittally. I then shifted onto the subject of the book and we soon became immersed in an interesting conversation, ranging over many subjects. We were both transferring from the bus to street cars, and at some inconvenience to myself I took the car he was taking to continue the talk.

I discovered that he was on his way to a seminar, that he had his M. A. degree and was now working for his Ph. D. in political science. I gave him an outline of my identity and life in the Orient. I found that he knew of me and the work I am doing on this project. He told me of some similar

work he was engaged upon: a research of Japanese sources, magazines, newspapers, etc., for the Japanese reactions to the Stimson policy and notes with regard to Japanese action in Manchuria. This for some professor who was making an investigation into the Stimson regime and wanted some data from original Oriental sources. I said to the young man, whom we will call Mr. X, "You had better look out or you will have the Japanese community on your neck like they are on mine", and I told him of my experiences. "Why, my work is only scientific, there is nothing for them to get excited about" he replied. "So is mine, scientific", I replied and told him further details. I then made him a proposition that he should take all my sketches and look them over, in confidence, and if he considered that I was entitled to a clean bill of health that he would pass the word on to the Japanese community to "lay off" me and not be filling my wife full of spy-scare stories and making her come home in tears and hysterics, talking about getting a divorce and saying that international affairs were too much for her, that she should have heeded her parents advice against our marriage, etc. I forgot to write just now that when I said to Mr. X that the Japanese community would be on his neck if they knew of his research into the Stimson business, that he replied, "Well, if they don't like it they can -----", expressing

his contempt of their antagonism. I don't know whether he disliked my proposal or whether he did not like to have me see his home by saying that he was rarely there till late at night, as he worked all day till late at night, as he worked all day till library closing hour at the University.

A few days later I happened to encounter him in the street in company of a young man who has figured in another of my sketches. As this young man knows of my work, I am afraid that he gave Mr. X some disquieting information about it, this for the reason that a couple of days ago I was passing by Mr. X's street and decided to see if he were home. I had some difficulty in locating the house and was forced to ask the assistance of a young Japanese lady passing by. She kindly went out of her way to guide me to the house, which was partially hidden by being on the back end of a deep lot, slightly behind another Japanese dwelling. It was dark and through the glass of the front door I could see there was quite a crowd of Japanese people within in a back room. The front of the house was in darkness. I rang and someone came to the door, carefully peering out through the glass before opening the door. It proved to be Mr. X himself. He appeared rather embarrassed to see me and stood in the doorway without inviting me inside. He explained his being home at an hour when he had previously informed me he would be at the University by saying that he was suffering from a boil

on his head which his mother had unsuccessfully attempted to open without benefit of medical advice. As I wanted to inspect the interior of the house, I kept the conversation going in the doorway, finally being forced to hint that I wanted to show him a book on Japan. In this way I gained admittance, although he immediately closed the inner door, preventing me from seeing his family and others in the back room.

The whole interview was rather constrained, he sitting on the edge of a straight backed chair, and allowing me to sit on a similar one instead of taking me into the parlor where I could see more comfortably furniture. Sensing his reluctance to have me in the house, I compressed as much as possible the questions I wanted to put to him and at the same time was taking in the details the room. I found him inclined to be very different from the time on the bus. Then he was very frank and free spoken. Now he was disposed to disclaim knowledge on any of the points I raised. I brought up the question of the percentages of immigrants according to province of origin, whether fifty-fifty would cover the Hiroshima-Kyushu distribution. He replied that he had no idea, that I should consult someone who had made such a study. I countered with the remark that I didn't believe such a tabulation had been made. He agreed with this. I then pressed

him to give merely his offhand feeling in the matter. Again the professed utter inability to offer even this vague estimate. Again on the matter of tendency of Hiroshima people to be found in indoor occupations, while the Kyushu gravitated to outdoor work, he replied that from his observations while working in the Fresno and Florin districts in the summer time, that it appeared to him that the Hiroshima people predominated in outdoor work in these regions. I then learned that his father was engaged in outdoor day-work. This information he gave with an air of embarrassment. He further informed me that his father had formerly run a Japanese bath house but had given it up. The reason I did not ascertain. In reply to my question, he informed me that few of the Japanese bath houses in city districts in America conformed to the Japanese style of having a large common bath pool in which patrons steamed themselves after first washing with soap and scrub rags in small individual tubs outside the pool. But he stated that in some of the country districts around Fresno and Sacramento this style was to be found. His father's establishment had only the usual American bath tubs in individual cabinets.

I ventured onto the subject of division of opinion in Japan regarding the value of the military party's jingoism, in view of the denial by former Premier, Admiral Saite, of an in-

terview given a correspondent of the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, in which Saito was reported having acknowledged the existence of this division of opinion. I cited the paragraph on pages 60-61 of Toyohiko Kagawa's CHRIST AND JAPAN in which Kagawa writes as follows: "It is an arresting fact that the Emperor stands strongly for peace. His New Year's poem, released January 1, 19 , proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

'In prayer pleading	Ametsuchi no
To the God of heaven and earth	Kami nizo inoru
For a world without a wave,	Asanagi no
Calm as the sea at dawn.'	Umi no gotoku ni
	Nami tatamu yo wo.

Continuing Kagawa's next paragraph: "Japan presents a scene teeming with interest. In high places pacifism reigns. At the base militarism prevails. How long will this last? May God in his goodness guide! The day will certainly dawn when Japan will emerge from the dark cloud that at present envelops her, and make her contribution to the realization of world peace."

I can't estimate accurately just what impression this made on him, but I think it is self evident that if any such ideas are to make much impression on the Japanese psychology they must come, like the quotation above, from the Japanese themselves and not from foreigners. In their present mood,

any foreign expressions of opinion will only tend to crystallize their opposition to liberal and civilized conceptions.

I came to learn from a conversation with the subject of another of my sketches that Mr. X. is quite a wrestler and had the misfortune to so injure an opponent in a friendly match that he died from internal injuries and hemorrhage.

Regarding the house, it was rather typical of an American working man's home, usual Grand Rapids style of tables, chairs, etc. There was an old fashioned combination writing desk and book case. The latter contained rather more Japanese books than English, although several sets of books of the encyclopaedia type were visible. A framed picture of the General Nogi, who accompanied his Imperial Master, Meiji Tenno, into the Elysian Fields via the suicide route, hung on one wall. The other wall decorations I noted were rather nondescript American pictures. There was little of the bric-a-brac that is usually to be found cluttering up the homes of Japanese in America. Of course as I did not get to see the parlor, which was in darkness, I don't know what line the interior decorating took there. The garden was a great mass of potted plants arranged in rows on platforms. These, Mr. X informed me, were his father's hobby. The walks were well kept and neat, with no trash visible although no grass lawns

were to be noticed. The Japanese in Japan and in their homes in America do not seem to exhibit much appreciation of the beauties of grass. Stones, gravel and sand seem to be more to their taste.

The son of a farmer in Japan, Nobu obtained the equivalent of an American high school education. As in our own country, the Japanese farmer is very often in debt, if not absolutely poverty stricken. This was the case of Nobu's family. After years of farming they were forced to leave the farm and go to Tokyo. In that city the question of existence became even more difficult. Nobu had relatives in San Francisco and, receiving fair reports of conditions in this country, decided to come here. His transportation was paid by his relatives, and every cent has long since been paid back. Nobu came to San Francisco in 1921, being then nineteen years of age.

As far as could be learned, he felt no strangeness at coming to America when he arrived here. The country and customs were of course strange to him, but he mingled at first with his own people and had little to do with Americans. Rather he looked upon Americans as being the strangers in San Francisco. He brought this point out rather plainly. At first he went to night school in an attempt to learn the language, but gave this up when he found he made better progress acquiring the language from his own countrymen. At present he doesn't speak especially good English. He knows enough to see him through in his business, which is house-cleaning, but

his vocabulary is limited. He doesn't seem to care much about steeping himself in the customs or language of America. I detected, rather from his manner than his words, that he only stays here until he can make enough money to return to Japan and live comfortably.

His first job in America was cleaning residences. This was done under the tutelage of other Japanese who had done this kind of work for years. This is still true, he says, of young Japanese who come to America. They are not made to shift for themselves but are instructed by their own countrymen who have been here some time and are versed in American ways. His first job was cleaning houses, and it still is his job. It was easy for him to learn and it paid good wages. He worked three or four half days a week in the beginning, at \$2.50 for four hours. This, to him, was an enormous salary, since his own father's rice farm yielded only \$1.50 or \$2.00 an acre per year.

Gradually he grew away from his instructors. He built up or acquired a clientele of seven or eight families for which he worked steadily at \$5.00 a day. He bought a vacuum cleaner and a bicycle, and was on his own, working steadily and saving money. He had many chances to go into other lines of work but could see no reason why he should do so. House-cleaning brought him a steady income, and he was, and is,

satisfied, though at present his earnings are not what they were in good years. When asked if he had any money saved, he nodded, and laughingly added that he had not bought any stocks as many of his Japanese brethren had, especially those in the southern part of the state. Of course he is aware there is a depression in the United States as sometimes he only gets two days' work a week. However, the seriousness of the situation he dismisses with a shrug. "When I think how we used to live in Japan, it is not bad here", he said. The poorest conditions in America would be favorable when compared to the very poor existence in Japan. Aside from this observation he could not be drawn out about Japan.

One thing I learned from Nobi was that he felt a bit strange with his own people (except those of his own age). He does not understand the young American born Japanese and the older people are too much of the old country for him. At that, he leans more toward the old generation than the new. He intends someday to return to Japan, and seems to take America merely as a stepping stone to a happier life back in Japan. His attitude, as I understand it, is a consequence of his having never married and being footloose and free. Most of his friends have married and have families. They will never go back to Japan, he thinks, because they couldn't take the whole family with them. No doubt the younger genera-

tion of Japanese are a stumbling block to the old people's desire to return to Japan.

The main thing to which Nobu attributes his rather easy success in America is the education he had before he came here. He was exceptionally well educated, but did not speak English perfectly. The average Japanese who comes to America is not greatly educated. Nobu points out that the average is not really representative of Japan. The average emigrant to America is not at all the equal, intellectually or socially of the resident at home. Another strange thing he said was that the American born and American educated Japanese was closer to the better class citizen of Japan than the uneducated older generation emigrant. He says that few Japanese are now coming to California, but thousands are emigrating to South America. There they are received very hospitably. Every Japanese thinks there is a racial likeness between the native of South America and himself.

Nobu thinks sticking to one job helped him to success, especially since this job enabled him to live and save money. When he is not working at house-cleaning he is fishing off Land's End. This is not a waste of time to him because, aside from the pleasure he gets from the sport, the fish he catches last him several meals. Whenever he fishes he makes a good catch. When he first found out that one could fish off

Land's End, he made a study of it as he did house-cleaning. He knows all about the tides off the Golden Gate and he knows how to play a fish with an inrolling wave so the line won't break. He laughs at Americans who go out and stand for hours fishing when he says no fish are there. When he fishes he catches something, and it saves him money that would otherwise be spent for food.

When I came to this country about forty years ago, my countrymen working in the agricultural field were the victims of violence. However through hard and honest labor, we won the confidence of the owners and today almost everywhere on farms, Japanese have become important factors. I remember verywell those old days on the farm where we toiled day and night in order to bring happiness to our countrymen. Many of them have died, some have gone back to the old country and some are still here. We must not forget the unknown pioneers who had made great sacrifice for us.

In 1905 I left farm work and came to Oakland where many friends lived at 5th and Castro Streets. At that time there was no street-car except the cable car which ran on Broadway toward the University. Forests, canyons and hills were located in the town and it looked like a small village.

From 1905 to 1911 I worked in the Osgood Drugg store, Broadway and 7th Streets, for full twelve hours a day, starting at six in the morning and finishing at six at night. During these six years of hard labor, my employer trusted me completely and, of course, I did save good money. Not only did I have my regular job, but I started a barber shop as well. Believe me, it is no joke when you work from 6 A.M. to midnight. My place was the only barber shop for Japanese and cus-

tomers came every night. Then I rented a rooming house at 416 - 5th Street. In this house I had a Japanese bath, a barber shop, a grocery store, an employment agency and a pool hall. The place was crowded with all kinds of people--white, yellow and black and the activities of the Japanese community were centered there day and night. Naturally I had to meet with many grievances such as individual quarrels, troubles in a family, etc. However if any one were to ask me what were my most glorious days, I could answer those days without hesitation, because then I made not only money but I also acted as private adviser for the whole community.

Everything went along so nicely that I thought it would be a good idea to establish a Japanese bank in order to get all the Japanese saving accounts as well as business. A friend criticized my plan as being too ambitious and said it would be a failure. I ignored his criticism and called together a few friends of mine and opened an institution named the Oakland Saving Bank. Due to inexperience at this kind of work, the bank went bankrupt after five months. I realized then that the criticism of my friend was right. But it was too late. We did not know how to settle our difficulties so that we would not lose the savings of my people. After a long period of bitter days we finally succeeded in returning 80% of the saving accounts to each depositor.

Until 1916 I managed to keep up my little store. Then four Japanese grocery store owners came to me and asked me to join them in a big grocery firm. At the beginning I refused because of my experience with the bank. After thinking it over, however, I decided to join them and we started the East Bay Co. This went quite well perhaps because of my familiarity with this kind of work. We got along very well although there wasn't enough profit for us to save our fare back to Japan.

When the depression began in 1929 the trade went down so rapidly that in 1931 we couldn't make any headway and the store was closed.

Today I am still in the same position that I was when I started as a grocery man. I suppose this is life. The various events of the life of a forty odd year old man in this country could give one many rich lessons, if I had the time to tell you. I wish I had the time to revise the memories of those old days.

He is a Japanese gardener, born in Japan, age about 55, came to Hawaii in 1900, to California in 1906; married a picture bride, has four children all born in America, ages about 21, 19, 17, 15 (girl, girl, boy, girl). His wife died in Japan two years ago; eldest daughter is here, other three children are in Japan.

This man comes from the Kurume district of Kyushu, and presents the type that has given rise to so much antagonism against the Japanese race in America. He is squat, ungainly, short limbed, and bullet-headed with a low forehead, hair running down on his forehead in simian style. He has cunning, monkey-like eyes, prognathous, superciliary ridges, prominent dentition; is bowlegged, with a rolling gait. Offsetting these characteristics are a really friendly disposition, courteous, considerate and charming smile, and a certain wistfulness of manner. His manner of speech is above his station in life.

On hearing from him that he came to California in 1916, it suddenly occurred to me that an unusually large number of the people I had interviewed had given this date. I asked him if there was some special reason for this, my unexpressed idea being that it might have had some connection with the end of the Russo-Japanese War and consequent disbandment of the troops.

However his explanation was that the Gentlemen's Agreement took effect in 1907, shutting out agricultural laborers and that there had been a great rush to get in ahead of the deadline. In fact he himself came in on the very last boat that was permitted entry. I was at first under the impression that he came direct from Japan to America, but I later learned that he had spent six years in Hawaii and that the terms of the exclusion applied to Japanese in Hawaii as well as those in Japan. Consequently, even among those in Hawaii, were considerable numbers in the rush to California.

As I had been informed by the subject of sketch No. 34 that the Philipinos and Japanese in Hawaii got along together fairly well I asked Mr. M., the subject of this sketch, regarding the matter. His reply was that they got along well enough, though there were, of course, bad characters among both races, as everywhere in the world. These trouble makers or seekers were responsible for disturbances that reflected on the character of both peoples.

Some eight years ago, his wife fell ill of tuberculosis. The entire family returned to its ancestral district in Japan. At that time the children were taken out of the American grammar school which they were attending and on arriving in Japan started in a Japanese school. The husband stayed one year then decided to return to America, as his wife showed

some improvement. She said she would stay in Japan a few months longer, then rejoin him. The eldest daughter returned to America, the three younger ones remaining with the mother. However the mother never recovered and finally died in Japan. The daughter who returned to America finally fell a victim to the same disease and for some time has been confined to a tuberculosis sanitarium. At the present time she has returned home. Her father says she has gained weight and was able to come home on this account.

Of the attitude taken by Japanese children, born or raised in America, toward life in Japan on their return there, Mr. M. told me that there was some dissatisfaction on the part of these children on account of friction with neighbor children who had never been in America. On the whole, these children with experience in America felt a certain satisfaction with their life in Japan on account of escaping from the feeling of inferiority and racial prejudice from which they suffered in America. Also, having been in America made them in childish eyes somewhat superior to their playmates; whereas, in America, they were the inferiors of their American schoolmates. The change in their relative positions, with respect to their neighbors, often gave them a moral bracing-up. The absence of movies and places for dancing, and church socials in the country villages, was irksome, but could be offset to

some extent by allowing the children excursions into nearby towns. He, personally, wished he could return to Japan and spend the rest of his life there. However, he had no money saved up, so the favorable Yen exchange rate did him no good. While prices in Japan were low, wages were low too, and he saw no prospect of getting back to his native land.

He did not bring the other three children back for the reason that taking them out of Japanese schools now and re-entering them in American schools would only wreck both Japanese and American sides of their life. The boy (now 17) he thought he would bring back to America when he has finished Japanese school. As to the girls, their chances of marriage and subsequent happy life might be better if they stayed in Japan, at least until they were married. Marriage might be difficult on this side with the depression on.

From Mr. M. I obtained some facts about the first Japanese drunkard I have come across. I shall make this man the subject of my next sketch if I am able to round out the information.

Mr. T. was born in Wakayama Ken, Japan in 1896. Mr. T's father was engaged in farming on a small scale, hiring a couple of men to work the farm with him. His mother helped on the farm. He was the only son, although five years later another boy was born to them.

Mr. T. attended school at a nearby temple until he finished the equivalent of a grammar school. He was sent to Tokyo, to an aunt, to study at the high school there. He attended for four years, finished, and went back home to Wakayama to help at farming.

Being quite a scholar, he asked his father to send him to college to study business. After a year on the farm he again left for Tokyo, entered one of the business colleges there, and studied for two years. A roommate talked him into going to America to study and work. He quit school and telling his folks he would return when he made good, he left for America in 1922.

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S. N., father of my informant, is a vegetable rancher in the Imperial Valley. He was born near Wakayama, a city south of Osaka, in Central Japan, about the year 1880. His parents were small farmers, who also grew the mandarin oranges that are a specialty of the Wakayama region. They were Buddhists.

S. N. attended the village school for only about four years of the regular six year course. The necessity for helping on the farm and lack of funds made regular school attendance difficult. Up to the time of his coming to America he remained on the farm, with the exception of a few months each year, when he worked in town at a packing and export plant where the oranges were boxed for sale in Japan and abroad.

About the year 1900, there was a considerable movement of Wakayama people to the United States, but the bulk of them were fishermen who located around San Pedro, California. The movement of oranges to America was small at that time. Hearing of the money being made in America by these emigrants, S.N. determined to try his luck. His decision was partly brought about by the fact that he was a younger son and so could hope for little share in his father's estate.

Landing in Los Angeles, or rather San Pedro, as it was

then known, he obtained employment on a nearby Japanese truck and berry garden. Later he thought to put his knowledge of oranges to profit by working on the orange ranches and in packing houses, but his ignorance of English, and friction with American workers, caused him to return to the vegetable and berry business.

After a few years as a laborer he accumulated enough money to open a small fruit and vegetable market in a nearby town. From this he further increased his capital until he was able to rent, in his American-born son's name, a small ranch of his own on the outskirts of this town.

He had engineered a picture bride marriage a few years previously, and now as his children grew up, with their help, he ran both the market and the ranch; his wife and children worked in town at the market; he and hired laborers worked on the berry ranch.

After some fifteen years, during which he prospered moderately, oil was discovered in the district in which his ranch was situated. Gradually the oil operations took in more and more ground until one day he received an offer for his lease. After some dickering, he closed a deal for a sum that gave him quite a bit of cash.

For some time he had been interested in reports of the success enjoyed by the Japanese cantaloupe growers in the Pa-

perial Valley. So he sold out his market to a fellow-countryman and he and his family moved to the Valley and leased a tract of land.

They continued in the cantaloupe business until the year 1930. S.N. felt he had accumulated enough money to return to Japan. He himself wanted to stay in Japan permanently, but there was the problem of the children. They had never been in Japan and seemed to care little about going there. They were all, except two small children, going to American schools, and were pretty much Americanized.

Finally, S.N. arranged with a cousin, who was running a small restaurant in the Bay Region, to let the three eldest children stay with him and continue their schooling, while S.N., his wife, and the four younger ones returned to Japan. This arrangement has worked out fairly well in the case of the two daughters left here, but trouble arose in the case of the son, my informant.

The cousin, in whose care they were left, was a rather crabbed character who made much of parental authority. He also was rabidly "anti-modern youth". He compelled his children to attend the Buddhist temple, although they were more inclined to favor the Christian church. When S.N.'s children came into this household, they became subject to the same severe regime. S.N.'s son stood it for a couple

of years, during which time he engaged in several rows with the old man. Finally, an explosion resulted when the son induced one of the old man's daughters to learn to dance.

As a result, the boy, enraged, left this household, and since then has earned his own living working here and there; at present he is in a Japanese fruit and vegetable market. He has managed to get through high school and is now hoping to accumulate enough funds to enter the University next fall. His main interest is commerce, but as he realises that the chances for second-generation Japanese are meager in that field, he is thinking of taking a pharmacy course.

His father in Japan assists him to some extent financially, but the stories he received from the cousin about the son's conduct, have prejudiced him against the boy to a considerable degree. The son is wondering how many years it will take him to get his degree on what money he can earn himself, as he does not want to accept anything further from his father.

Speaking of the present anti-Japanese trouble in Arizona, he said that he had never been there and so had no first-hand knowledge, and that he couldn't understand the suddenness of the outbreak of trouble. The Japanese had been operating there for a number of years without being the objects of undue resentment. It looked as though the trouble was being artificially fanned by some outside interests. His first answer to my ques-

tion as to the reason for the trouble was: "I guess the American farmers weren't making any money".

Asked regarding any embarrassments or insults suffered by him on account of anti-Japanese sentiment, he said that there had been a few cases but that it couldn't be helped.

He says that although the Japanese in Arizona are "all mixed up" in origin, the bulk are Japanese who have been in America many years, gradually migrating from Los Angeles territory to the Imperial Valley and thence across into Arizona.

Mr. S. came to the United States in 1894. In an informal talk with him (some twenty minutes)--he is quite a busy man--he told me of his purpose in life. He is a very broad minded person, extremely patriotic to his native country, Japan, yet he speaks of the love for his San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, Chicago and New York. He has also lived abroad, in London, Paris, Berlin and Milan. He claims he came to this country purposely to introduce Japanese and Oriental art to America. In other words, making money is not his first consideration.

He is first for Japan, and is doing everything to further better understanding between Japan and the United States. Mr. S. tells me that many internationally famous people have come to his store, not purely for business purposes, and that he enjoys conversing with them to make them understand Japan. He is a member of such societies as the Japan Society, Chamber of Commerce, and the Commonwealth Club, and is always eager to help Americans understand Japan. He is an admirer of such personalities as Chester Rowell and Johnson (anti-Japanese) for their patriotism to their own country, but denounces such people as the airship designer K., who recently stated that Japanese spies were responsible for the Macon's loss. These he calls unfounded, fantastical lies, flung by

K. to save his face, as the designer of the airships.

He believes that there are many Americans who are commendable, but many who are just plain rotten. He believes in international trade--he is an international merchant--and he believes all should be internationally minded too. He claims we exchange good qualities from each other. For example, the Pacific Coast is Oriental in atmosphere, while cities like Tokyo are Occidental. He believes that only the East (that is, Eastern United States) is purely American, and explicitly denounces the pseudo-Americans who denounce Japan untruthfully. Those who do have other blood in them, for originally those people came over from the Continent and they are foreigners also.

He educates and trains his two sons to be good Americans. He owes allegiance to Japan, but claims his sons should be different, because they are Americans. He denounces the talk of first generations' assimilating American ideals.

"Why should we?" he says, "when Japanese ideals are just as good."

To the matter of returning to Japan, he says, positively,

"People always have and will return 'home'--Americans in Japan have also, haven't they?"

He is about 55, is a widower, and has no children. At present he is in missionary work amongst his people. He comes of a Buddhist priestly family, from near the Yamato district of Japan. His story briefly is as follows:

"Unfortunately I lost my mother when I was six years of age. She was a devout Buddhist. Mother departed this world leaving five young children. She lay suffering from consumption for over a year. She was 28, and I was the second boy. This sad memory is even now very deeply engraved on the inner recess of my heart. In after years I became a priest in a monastery of the Zen sect of Buddhism, and in that monastery I practised a strict course of study.

"But, in Japan, men when they reach twenty years of age, if physically fit, have to enter military service as a duty to their country, so I entered the navy for four years. And by my own request I became a nurse to the sick. It was a great joy to me to be charged with nursing consumptive patients, since this was the illness which afflicted my mother.

"While in military service, by chance, opportunity to read the Bible came to me, but I did not have faith in Christ.

"When I finished the military service (thirty-one years ago) I came to America, to San Francisco, California. In a short time I entered a Christian church, but it seemed to me

I could not find Christ there. At that time in California the Japanese exclusion agitation was quite active. I was greatly distressed and troubled. I could not understand why California people who revered Jesus as Lord, and read the Bible, should wish to exclude the Japanese. Often I had the desire to return to Japan.

"After some years, working at laboring work on the railroad and serving in restaurants, and other sorts of work to make my living, I had the determination that I must go from San Diego through the Imperial Valley to the state of Arizona. I did this on foot, walking during the day, and sleeping on the ground at night. Every night I gazed at the moon in the sky or watched the stars. How wonderful is that moon and those stars hanging in the sky, I thought. And what is this globe upon which is my bed in the desert? Then too I thought upon the Californians who were excluding the Japanese. At that time I had already been reading the Bible during some ten years or so. Genesis came to my mind. And were the heavens and the earth really created by God? How marvelous! And every night and day considering this matter, I pursued my journey. And one night, my mother, who had departed from this life, when I was six years of age, whispered in my ear (it seemed to me) and told me "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, fear not, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!" I was not dis-

obedient, and by the guidance and grace of the Lord Himself I became a believer. Neither with mouth nor with pen can I tell the greatness of the joy that came to me!

Since then boldly I have told out the good news, by the roadside, visiting Japanese prisoners in prison, and bringing comfort to the sick in the hospitals.

In Arizona for a few years I had work as an attendant in a hospital. Then, for some three years, I laboured in the Japanese Salvation Army in various places in California.

Thirteen years ago I got a wife from Japan. Being a church member, she laboured with all her power to bring Japanese people into the church. My wife's mother was a Christian, and my wife was baptized at the age of ten years. She studied at a Mission school in Japan, and worked in the Church.

But unfortunately in 1931 in the latter part of April she became ill, and in October she was called to heaven. The ailment was cancer of the stomach. We have no children. She suffered very much, but in the midst of her sufferings she held to her faith in Christ and trusted and praised Him. She was treated at one of the best hospitals in Oakland under good doctors, one of them a Japanese friend of ours. We have many friends among the Americans as well as the Japanese. Many called to visit her. Missionary.....and his wife came often, and read the Bible to her.

When the American chief doctor pronounced her case hopeless, she wanted to go to her home. She was allowed this, and was brought by ambulance to our little apartment in downtown Oakland. She continued thus for quite a while in bed under the care of our Japanese doctor, with myself as nurse, and having the benefit of visits from our friends. She was loved and respected by many, and sustained by the prayers of her Christian friends. At length she peacefully departed from this world.

Forlorn me, having nursed her night and day, I was all worn out, and very sad and lonesome.

My prayer is that I may give myself to labour for those who are in need, or sick people, especially for those who have nothing, for the sake of the Name of Jesus of Nazareth.

And my desire has been granted and I have been enabled to do such work.

And now I am about to have my desire fulfilled: to return to my native country and labor there among the poor, the needy and the sick in the crowded parts of one of the big cities of Japan.

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